

Burn

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According to the butterfly effect, even small changes can have drastic consequences. But what happens when a less significant persons destiny has been completely altered, throwing all of Remmnant out of wack? Join the girl we once knew as Yang in a different life as she unknowingly serves as Salem's flame to burn the world with. Rated M for potentially heavy themes in the future.

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Episode 1: Dejavú

Narrator 1

"While it is true that, thanks to fire, man was able to not only protect themselves from the predators that sought to return them to the abyss, they were also able to nurture it and in turn make it stronger. But what happens when a flame is left alone and unattended? Will it merely cease to burn, or grow uncontrollably until the very fire keepers who were meant to care for it are forced to extinguish it else they too become fuel for it?"

Narrator 2

"While it is true that there is always a risk of allowing an unattended flame to grow, the risk becomes far greater when a flame is only grown to forge weapons."

Narrator 1

"But with the right care taking, a flame can be used as a weapon. One capable of setting the world ablaze and burning through any storm."

A booming sound of thunder bellowed across the forestry land as a crack of lightning briefly illuminated the dark, and stormy, night sky.

There are only a few cars on the road. They're moving fast, but at a safe and spacious pace. Thunder aside, it appeared to be a quiet night. Until the sound of a very loud, as well as powerful, engine roared in a matter similar that of a lion. The sudden, and unexpected, noise caught most of the drivers attention. What they saw was a large rose gold motorcycle easily going thirty over the speed limit weaving its way through the little amount of traffic there was on the road. A screeching sound could be heard as it drove dangerously close to any cars. The daring, or maybe just reckless,

driver wore a large matching helmet with a black visor. In no time at all the motorcycle was at the front of the "traffic," moved to the leftmost lane and took the next exit. After two minutes of driving on a road overlooking a few, modest and a few shady looking, buildings a neon sign reading "Junior's" caught her attention.

"This is the place." The motorcyclist thought while removing the large white helmet, paying no mind to a black bird -that was either a raven or a crow- she heard squawk before flying away from its perched spot.

With the helmet off the cyclist was able to let her bright, gold like, blonde hair move freely in the breeze of the nighttime wind.

Shady or not, this place could definitely be worth coming back to. She thought to herself as she could hear an awesome club mix of Red Like Roses play before she made it to the front door. Once she was inside she got a good look of the club and it's interior. It had four glass pillars on each corner of the, also glass, dance floor. It was primarily made of what appeared to be a type of black tile, most likely marble judging by the way the strobe lights reflected off of it. A few stray rose petals slowly descended from the ceiling, the strobe lights changed from white to black and occasionally red as they rotated. The dance floor was full of civilians, nearly all of them covered in shadows. Outside the dance floor, like the area around the bar, were easily twenty or so men all dressed identically. They all wore black tuxedos with matching black dress pants and an orange pair of sunglasses. Including the DJ, who wore a large cartoony bear head in place of the sunglasses.

They couldn't have made it more obvious that they were part of a gang if they tried, but at least they don't look too out of place in here.

After a second glimpse, she spotted her target: a single bearded man, taller than the rest, dressed similar to those others save for a vest in place of a tux. He was standing at the bar with two ladies on his left, one of them was wearing a white dress and boa while the other wore a red dress and a black boa. The two girls had started

walking towards the back, where only employees were allowed, giving her a chance to get a good look at their faces.

Likely sisters. She thought, judging by how identical their faces looked, as she stood next to Junior.

"Strawberry sunrise, no ice. Oh and one of those little umbrellas." She said to the bar tender.

"Aren't you a little young to be in this club blondie?" Junior asked the girl before him. Her wardrobe consisted of a faded blue jeans vest over pink/yellow crop top, both fitted, with the bottom stylishly torn and a black emblem that resembled a beowolves head made of a flame (though the wearers little sister told her it looked like a dragon) located where the two colored spirals met on her left breast, a brown belt with a matching brown (with a contrasting white interior lined) half skirt in the back buckled over a pair of short black shorts, her hands were inside a pair of fingerless black gloves that rode halfway up her forearms, her wrists had large -mostly plain looking- rose gold bracelets and the last of her outfit were her pair of black leather platform boots that went up to a little below her knees and covered her hot pink socks that varied in length -the right one was barely visible while the other went past her left knee.

"Aren't you a little old to have a name like Junior?" She retorted, playing coy.

"So you know who I am, you got a name sweetheart?" He inquired.

"Yes Junior, I've got several." She said, now sliding the fingers on her right arm across his left.

"But instead of 'sweetheart' you can just call me 'sir!'" She said as she, quite literally, grabbed him by the balls. Causing Junior to loose his breath.

"I'm here because Roman Torchwick, the guy who already paid to hire your men, told me you're trying to walk out on your deal." She

said as she maintained her torturous grip and reached for her scroll in her back left pocket. Quickly punching in Roman's number as she brought the device to Junior's field of view, accompanied by a buzzing sound.

"Say you've reconsidered, and I'll let you go." She said just before the sound of the humming of her scroll stopped, signaling that the call's receiver had picked up.

"Talk to me." Roman's voice said over the scroll, sounding clear as day.

"I'll keep my end of the deal, I swear!" Junior painfully said, his pitch a couple of notches higher.

"Excuse me." She said as she strengthened her grip.

"I swear... sir!" Junior said in an even higher tone through clenched teeth, barely capable of masking just how painful this experience truly was.

"Oh hey Hei. I knew I could count on you to help. I'd ask how my girl's doing, but it sounds like she has her hands full." Roman sadistically said, clearly aware of the method this brash girl was utilizing and amused by it.

By this point, Junior's men had noticed the commotion and circled her. Awaiting for any signal their boss might make to attack her.

"We'll talk more later, ciao." The bowler hat enthusiast mockingly said as he hung up.

"Hmm... Looks like we have an audience. This must be kind of embarrassing for you, huh? Awkward." She said, unfazed by Junior's men.

"Listen Blondie... Sir. If you wanna make it out of this club alive, I suggest you let me go... Now." Junior said, hoping she'll take his

advice. Thankfully for him she did just that.

Now free, Junior let out a relieved groan. He also regained feeling, courtesy of his aura, including some anger.

"You'll pay for that." Junior said before turning away, walking towards the dance area as he put on his own pair of sunglasses. Likely trying to appear more intimidating, to save face around his bar.

"Oh Junior, I was just playing with you. Don't be so sensitive, come on. Let's kiss and make up, okay?" She playfully insisted, back petaling after him as she did so.

"Huh?" Junior replied; the large, towering man was completely caught off guard as well as stopped dead in his tracks.

"Okay." Junior said, captivated by this admittedly attractive girls offer.

She let out a light chuckle and puckered her lips with her eyes closed, waiting for him to do the same. Despite his better knowledge perhaps; Hei, or Junior if you didn't want to make him angry, mirrored the intruder's position and slowly began bringing his face down to hers. When they were an inch or so away, and the girl could smell his nauseating cologne, she quickly decked Junior hard in the face with a dynamic punch. Courtesy of her right hand. To everyone, aside from hers, surprise the club owner was sent flying through one of the decorative glass pillars, hit the wall behind the counter of the bar on the opposite side of the club, and slid to the floor. Where an unlabeled bottle of liquor fell and (somewhat comedically) bounced off his head with a thud. Miraculously, the bottle remained completely intact.

The sight of seeing a fully grown man, who could overshadow most people, get launched several feet above the dance floor and careen into a wall frightened the people in the club, causing everyone who didn't work there to vacate the club in a matter of seconds.

With mercy off the table, the girl took a fighting stance and her bracelets switched to their battle forms -admiring the next song, a club mix for Mirror Mirror, that began to play as she did so. When her rose gold bracelets switched to their battle mode, they extended to cover both her forearms as well as her knuckles. In this form they appeared to be gauntlets with metallic, bone like, frames that seemed to trace her hands bone structure and a single gun barrel mounted to the back of both of her hands. The transformation caused two dust shells to pop out. As the thugs began closing in on her, she jumped high in the air and effortlessly performed a backflip at the peak of her jumps height. Along with a clenched fist. As she began to descend, she cocked her elbow back and punched the floor hard. Her punch was strong enough to cause a seismic, as well as fiery, wave to brush past multiple of her would be attackers. Causing the majority of them to fall to the floor, knocked over as the fiery wave passed by them. While others were launched back, with varying landings ranged from unconscious to just pushed back.

The first thug she attacked was distracted, too busy observing how far one of the other thugs were sent flying by her tremor. It gave her a perfect opening to leap towards him and deliver an axe kick to his face.

Another thug ran towards her, his large red machete in hand, likely using fire dust to make it more deadly, and intended to cleave her while her back was turned. Possibly even meant to butcher her. However she was expecting this from at least one of them, and the sound of his footsteps didn't help mask his obvious sneak attack either. The moment the unsuspecting fool was close enough she thrust her elbow back and, with surgeon-like precision, hit him dead in the crotch. The blow had already shot enough pain to render the poor mongrel unconscious, but that wasn't enough for her. She followed up her counter attack with a vicious right hook to the side of his chest, right on said rib. This right hook sent him careening into another thug. Effectively taking him out of commission as well.

Upon seeing that this chick, that can send men around two times larger than them all flying across the room in a single punch, has no problem with hitting below the belt; the rest of the men started to cower. Exactly what she, and anyone watching really, would expect upon witnessing such a vicious attack. The thugs who didn't start to back away, seemingly unfazed by her actions, decided to advance towards her. However, unlike with the predictable sneak attack, she wasn't waiting around this time. She rushed towards three of them, hopping just enough to bring her knee to one of the guys chin. As well as grab the other two by the throat and force them to hit the tiled floor, the back of their head first. Those three won't be getting up for some time.

Next she fired off a few rounds from her gauntlets, about six in total. Each shot hit a thug in the chest and left them lying on the floor. Seeing her take out three men at once scared one thug enough to drop his weapon, that was a mistake. A big mistake that he would regret. When he dropped his machete, he took a direct punch to the jaw and was sent flying through another of the glass pillars. Those pillars would likely have been more resistant to her punch than that clumsy fools jaw.

The next guy to try and hit her, not learning from his predecessors failed sneak attack, received a bone shattering stomp on his knee. Even with aura to heal it, he won't be walking normal for at least a month. The now one legged man nearly screamed from the pain as he went into shock. Two more guys tried to jump her, by actually leaping at her. With plenty of time on her end to act: she roundhouse kicked one of them on the kidney, resisting the urge to send him careening into one of the last decorative glass pillars, and lightly head-butted the other. The one who was head-butted was on the ground, though not unconscious, while the one who was kicked was holding his side in pain. She grabbed the one she kicked by his left leg and neck, lifted him up in a scooping motion and threw him on the downed thugs crotch headfirst. The crushed man wasn't even capable of screaming, due to the ungodly amount of pain he felt in the last few seconds of consciousness.

She let out a, rude, chuckle after the person in a headstand position fell flat. She made it intentionally loud enough to be heard by Hei's remaining conscious men. This caused one of the seemingly dime a dozen morons to actually take a step back, his expression like that of a deer caught in a headlight. But three more approached him from behind and aimed their guns towards her, with this revelation the coward raised his firearm as well. Unfortunately for them, this woman intended to leave no man standing by the time she leaves this club. This was demonstrated by an explosive swing of her forearm that nearly took one thug's head off his shoulders, the other three were fortunate enough to have ducked. Out of fear as opposed to an intentional dodge. Using the sudden loss of momentum, the streaked savage managed to bring herself to a stop two feet behind the three thugs. Each quickly tried to turn and potentially avoid a trip to the doctor, but she was too fast. She quickly slammed their heads together and let out a sadistic snicker as she watched them drop to the floor. Only slight twitches proving her attack wasn't fatal.

Junior's men are clearly a textbook example of quantity over quality, by this point most of the men were out cold. The last grunt, who must get paid a lot, to try and attack her was the DJ. She admittedly was surprised to see a thug wearing a bear head trying to shoot her with a dust firing tommy gun, but not enough for it to actually give him -or anyone- a free shot at her. She grabbed one of the already unconscious idiots by the ankles and tossed him at the DJ. The DJ quickly ducked, narrowly avoiding the thrown thug but soon too found that it was just a diversion. When he looked at the dance floor below, he saw nothing but the unconscious bodies of his coworkers. The next thing he saw was his turntables; courtesy of the girl kicking their asses slamming his head onto them with her right hand -doing so with enough force that the tables switched to shuffle and a party remix of From Shadows, which she also loves, slowly began to play. With the DJ dazed the blonde bruiser bent her knees slightly, grabbed him by his left wrist -using her right hand- and pulled him so that his chest would fall onto her shoulders. As soon as she was sure she was holding him in the air the girl moved her shoulders and shifted the DJ's weight, releasing her grip as she did so. This caused

the bear headed man to plummet to the dance floor below, where he landed flat on his back. The harsh drop was enough to render him unconscious, but not before spotting his attackers' next opponents. The bouncers that they all took orders from: the Malachite sisters, who easily analyzed the situation. More so who the trouble maker was.

"Melanie, who is this girl?" The twin in red asked, her weapon of choice -a pair of claws, attached to her wrists- drawn and attention focused on the assailant.

"I don't know Miltia, but we should teach her a lesson." The white dressed twin replied, her arms crossed and her sight on the girl with the long blonde hair.

Unfazed by the aggressive girl, the two twins merely scoffed before watching as she emptied the chambers of her gauntlets. Once the last empty dust shell landed on the floor, with an almost plastic-esque pop noise, the potentially psychotic girl reloaded her gauntlets in a flashy way -by tossing her new clips in the air and positioning her arms so that gravity would do the rest for her. With her gauntlets reloaded she leaped towards her new opponents, easily clearing the guard rail. While she was airborne, she decided to create some separation between her and the sisters by firing a few shots towards the small space in between the two.

Judging by their stances, and the way they dodged together with ease, these two were definitely not going down as easily as Junior's men. The fact that they were capable of dodging proved them to be light years ahead of their coworkers in terms of combat.

The twin dressed in red briefly hopped back before taking a pouncing leap towards the intruder, aiming her claws at the golden girls head. While the white one with the long hair jumped to the side and followed it up with a kick, made more deadly by her bladed heels, aimed at the girl before hers partially exposed abdomen. The girl who put Junior's staff, as well as the Malachites coworkers, on workers comp pivoted on her feet with every step she took back.

Using her gauntlets she managed to block both the twins attacks, but the combined impact from their repeated attacks, every one of which saw the twins swap positions and their targeted areas of her, nearly caused her balance to be thrown off and her guard stance to break.

Sensing this; the Malachites both attacked her at the same time, causing her to fall to the ground. The girl with the mane used the momentum from the fall to carry her body with a quick roll that let her stand on her feet a second after her opponents actually managed a good hit.

The blonde felt a sense of excitement after being pushed back, unfortunately for the sisters it was over shadowed by her anger and her fists thirst for very harsh physical contact.

With our protagonist now feeling what her little sister describes as "the blood lust," she again used her wrist mounted boomsticks to give herself a burst of speed and rush the red clad Malachite with the claws. Who made the mistake of showing that she was intimidated.

With all the momentum the blonde picked up, she brought her right elbow back and practically fired her fist forward. Delivering a devastating straight punch. The shorter haired girl barely had enough time to block the blonde powerhouses strike with her claws; claws that along with her aura, thankfully, didn't break. Though Miltia's body remained intact, thanks to her aura, the initial hit of the lariat was enough to send her flying into a wall -much like the blonde bombshell did to her boss earlier. Only her body left an imprint so deep that she was stuck in it, all her body's strength was being used to hold itself together.

"Ugh... got careless..." the red sister said as she felt her last conscious breath, along with her strength, abandon her.

Seeing her sister get punched into a wall made the white dressed one, Melanie, act far more aggressive. Highlighted by her attempt to knee the girl with a megaton punch in the back of her blonde hair covered head. This strike was blocked by the suspecting blonde and

followed up by her own attempt to induce head trauma with an axe kick. One that the remaining Malachite side stepped.

"Are you trying to match my footwork?" Melanie asked with a mocking grin, knowing that this would tip the odds in her favor.

But the intruder who knocked out her sister merely let out what was best described as an uninterested growl. The brawler positioned her arms in a stance that would allow for quick changes between offensive as well as defensive movements and kept her feet moving slightly slower than the bladed heel girl's own. Each time they were within a certain distance, Melanie would bring her legs up and attempt to land a few kicks onto the bruiser, followed by another (more deadly) kick. Each and every strike was blocked by the blondes gauntlets.

On their third exchange the white clothed girl attempted to land a strong, potentially staggering, side kick aimed at the other girls ribs. This wasn't only blocked by the girl, but with the hand that coincides with her foot. With her balance relying on her other foot stationed to the ground; the Malachite soon felt the dazing force of a back handed straight punch to the gut, courtesy of her opponent and her truly intimidating strength. Which hit harder due to the savage girls fist picking up momentum from the pivot she used to deliver it.

Reeling from the pain, the bouncers head bowed slightly and she felt her right wrist being grasped. The violent girl brought the physically weaker girls arm just over her blonde head and then spun her body around clockwise, forcing the clearly less experienced fighter to shift her body towards the girl wrenching her arm. The blonde then pushed the combat skirted girl backwards as she released her arm before quickly pivoting on her left heel and performing a slight hop as she brought her right leg up. This meant that the kick enthusiast was defenseless, aside from her aura, when the person she was getting paid to beat up delivered an aura consuming (on both ends seeing as how the attackers hair momentarily gave off an ember like glow) roundhouse kick to her head. This kick put the white clad sister on her back for several seconds before she got back up holding her

ribs, likely still feeling the after effects of that gut punch, as she slumped off the dance floor. Clearly not fit to continue and would prefer to use her remaining strength to check up on her sister.

Suddenly the lights shifted to just white, while also giving the she-conqueror a sort of spotlight, and the music changed to a club mix for her favorite song: I Burn. Hearing this song just pumped her full of energy and as a result, she had hoped that she was not done just so she could exert this energy onto her next piece of fodder. Luckily for her, she had no need to wait. Another spotlight appeared over her next fist magnet: Hei/Junior, who had returned after getting a second breath, with a missile launcher resting over his right shoulder.

"You're gonna pay for this." He uttered again, much like he had after being freed from her death grip earlier.

Wasting no more time, or words, Hei took aim and fired five rockets where the source of his and all of tonight's problems stood. She quickly rolled to the right, followed by a quick hop backwards. Evading every one of the rockets, as well as their blast radius.

Seeing that each of his shots missed their mark, Junior took aim again and this time utilized his bazookas rapid fire function to try and turn this iron gripped wench into mulch. This time however, due to the setting, his shots were nowhere near as accurate as before, with some even curved a little too upward and missed her entirely. Not fazed by the succession of explosives flying towards her, as well as having a good idea what kind of ammunition that thing fires now, the girl who was enjoying this way too much began to throw repeated punches. The storm of punches caused a rain of her own concussive dust shells to create a flurry of explosives, her little sister had always warned her about getting caught up in the moment, and she couldn't help but marvel at the sight of what were essentially violent fireworks that were going off in front of her.

Noticing that she let herself get distracted, which would've earned her a stern look from her sister, Hei leaped forward with his weapon now in its club/melee state and proceeded to swing it from his right

side to his left. Unlike most of the hits she took earlier, that one definitely hurt. She knew her sides would be feeling a little sore the next day. That strike had enough force behind it for Junior to manage four identical follow up swings, the only difference being the side each swing started from. After the fourth hit, the club owner brought the club down on her head -staggering her indefinitely- before finishing his onslaught up with an extra strong swing that lobbed her up in the air and crashing down on one of his glass cases. Collateral damages be damned!

The bear sized man watch with intent and his club resting on his left shoulder, much like it had on his right when it was a bazooka, as the human wrecking ball got back to her feet. She had an arrogant look in her eyes, a toothy grin, and a little bit of an embery glow radiating from her hair. The blonde bombshell waited a moment, sizing Hei up as he did her, before slamming her fists together at the knuckles. Causing a fiery shockwave, much like she had earlier, that broke the remaining glass cases and etc around her.

Not wanting her to get close in this state, Junior quickly reverted his club back into a bazooka and fired off five more rockets again. But unlike before, the she bruiser merely dodged in between them as she continued to close the distance between herself and the bearded man -completely unfazed by the light shrapnel she soaked up as she did so. Unfortunately for him, he wasn't able to keep the girl who was now looking to be on fire and she returned the favor from a mere moment ago by giving him several crosses, a left hook to the face, and a stiff straight right to the gut. The latter of which even had a small fiery shockwave exit from the bear in a suits back and sent him rolling backwards like a bowling ball. Once again showing he wasn't just some pencil pushing dime store hoodlum; Junior managed to land on his feet, as well as his aura to help stop his momentum, before noticing that both his hands now held something. In his left was his now broken club, undoubtedly a result of his brief but hard tumble, and in his right was some of the girl's hair. The contents of his right gave Junior a grin not unlike that of the girl's from a few punches ago.

Realizing what was in her adversaries hand, the girl let out an enraged roar before seemingly gliding towards Junior at a speed that the human brain could hardly process and delivering a knee with so much raw power in it that a fiery combustion was created on contact. The controlled explosion had enough force to ensure that none of the glass inside or part of the buildings structure would remain intact, punctuated with its owner being propelled through where the center skylight window once was. He landed outside, semiconscious and defeated, on the parking lot pavement. A few feet away from where she parked.

Hei exerted his last conscious breath just as his persecutor leaped through the barren window after him, where she was soon met with the feeling of the freezing cold rain...

She didn't feel the, unwanted, raindrops for long however and was soon met with the sound of water bouncing off a canopy. After hearing this sound, the living fireball turned her attention to a smaller girl (who stood about eye level with her chest) holding an umbrella. The girl had multicolored hair, the left side a chocolate shade of brown while the right was mostly a flamingo pink with white streaks, and two different colored eyes that match the two main colors of her head respectively. The shorter girl also wore a white jacket with a pink interior, brown pants, and mostly white and black toed boots with very high heels. Under her jacket is a brown corset, curved in the middle and at the bottom, showcasing her hips. She also wore a multitude of black beed necklaces, which made the blonde feel comfort for some reason, that always hung haphazardly around her neck.

"Oh... hey sis..." the girl who just kicked an entire clubs asses said nervously.

The smaller girl said nothing and merely tapped her foot, slowly, to show that she was waiting for her to say something. Her face showed no anger, but the small smile made the taller girl's body tense up internally.

"Ugh. It's a long story..." the pyro puncher, feeling defeated, said.

Author's Notes

This is a story that nobody should expect frequent updates for. I've had this in the works since roughly June of 2016 and will only post a chapter if I feel it is ready (and perhaps a minimum of 5k words). Because of how scarce that could make the uploads however, I will inform you of a few pieces of information as well as try to fill the [large] gaps in between chapters with updates and answer any/all questions I can.

Things for you to know:

Neo and Yang are NOT biological sisters in this story.

Neo is older and has simply taken care of Yang since she found her, because the age gap is small, they always saw each other as sisters.

Neo and Yang are very close, similar to how she is with Ruby.

While Neo CAN speak sign language, Láng has trouble with it, however they have never had any real trouble communicating with each other.

Yang suffered from amnesia and has very an odd array of memories, such as Raven.

Yang's name is/will be Láng Wō Qiú, which is why I never called her Yang.

This entire thing IS Salem's doing, but she doesn't care about Láng or her well being as long as she gets her to become her weapon.

Like Neo, Láng gets along decently with both Cinder and Roman.

Láng and Mercury get along fine, but Emerald dislikes her out of Jealousy for how Cinder treats her.

In truth Láng doesn't mind Emerald at all (she's actually fond of her) and Emerald's jealousy is the only reason she dislikes Láng at all.

Láng and Mercury dated at one point, but they ended their relationship on good terms.

Láng and Mercury DO NOT love each other, but consider each other close friends.

Láng and Mercury broke up because they both felt that they work and feel better hanging out as friends.

Emerald enjoys teasing Láng and Mercury over their mutual friend zoned relationship.

While they're not a couple, Láng and Mercury do still occasionally go on dates.

Hardly any of those dates are normal, one of which (as an example) could consist of fighting an entire street gang and taking over their turf.

Láng still has much of Yang's personality, including her fondness of puns and wordplay.

While she's just as mischievous, Neo keeps Láng grounded/down to Earth when they go out for some fun.

The way Láng dresses is meant to give off a slight mechanic look, this is due to her enjoying everything auto shop (like Ruby's obsession with weapons, only applied to cars, bikes, and etc).

Láng never gave her weapon a name.

Láng's weapon is nearly identical to Ember Celica, but has a few additional features.

Some of those features are actually tied to her semblance.

Neo trained Láng, as a result she is more agile than Yang and was capable of taking on the Malachites & Junior simultaneously with just kicks.

Though she's more refined and can be a more reaction based fighter like Neo, Láng prefers to rush in and be the aggressor because she is more arrogant than Neo and is just as hot-headed as Yang.

The Malachites will hold a bit of a side character role, due to Láng (and Neo) becoming a regular at Junior's.

Láng does want to find out who she (as well as Raven) is, but is worried that that could mean losing Neo as her sister.

Neo is what you can call a Child of Salem, hence her skills as a fighter and overall prowess.

Though she serves Salem, Neo DOES care for Láng and does whatever she can for her (and Salem too of course).

The less Láng looks like Yang, the farther gone she is.

Episode 2: Family

"So how'd it go?" The message on Neo's scroll from Roman Torchwick asked.

"Láng sent Jr flying out a window." Neo casually typed in her left hand as she continued to scratch any cars within reach with the parasol in her right. She could use it for its intended purpose, but this was a part of her sisters punishment.

"Glad I'm with you ladies." Roman's follow up message read.

"Then you should treat us." Neo smugly sent.

"I'm not falling for that one again. If you want something, buy it yourself." Neo's scroll quickly displayed, though the rejection made her smile. This was thanks to the fond memory she had of her and Láng duping Torchwick into spending a combined total of over four hundred lien.

Neo's brief revisit was cut short by the sound of her scroll receiving a new message. One from the woman she and Roman worked with: Cinder Fall.

"I've recruited the White Fang and will be in Vale tomorrow, meet me at the usual place after the robbery. Bring Láng." Cinder wrote. As usual, she was short and to the point.

"Understood." Neo sent back.

Neo knew she'd have to "talk" to her sister about this when they get home and, *judging by the road they're on*, that would be happening very soon. While Láng's done plenty of jobs and missions for Cinder in the past, for the thrill rather than any profit Cinder gave her. She'd always come to Cinder. So for Cinder to ask for Láng meant that this wasn't just Cinder's choosing, but that of the one they referred to as a goddess: Salem.

"Sis?" Láng said, preventing Neo from getting deeper in her train of thought.

Neo redirected her attention to her sister whose face was covered by a veil of wet blonde hair, a result of Neo making Láng drive without her helmet on. Neo simply smiled. *As usual she'd let her face answer Láng's call.*

Fortunately for Neo, over the past decade or so since the goddess sent her to Patch to find Láng, that face; that expression was all she ever needed to make the younger girl she calls her sister feel at ease. And this time proved to be no different from any other, since she could feel her little sister's body become lax once more. Leaving the two with only the sound of raindrops pitter patter as they broke on whatever they hit.

Soon enough, Láng pulled into the loft apartment they've been living at for the past few months garage. Her entire body, most importantly her beloved blonde hair, was soaked. Whilst Neo was more damped rather than drenched like Láng, probably due to the taller of the two acting like a shield for her smaller frame. Not wanting to stay in her wet clothes any longer, Láng hastily made her way through the garage and into their lofts laundry room. Neo, not too fond of stooping around in wet clothes herself, followed her sister's lead soon after. Only she found Láng's wet clothes discarded on the floor once she reached the laundry room. She could hardly blame her, it was Neo's turn to handle washing both of their clothes after all.

The next thing Neo heard was the sound of the shower starting up. Expecting this, Neo shook her head while wishing she had gotten there first. Sometimes Láng's showers would last so long that Neo would be left with no hot water. *Though she always fiddled with the concept of Láng using the heat generated from her semblance to heat up the bathtub that made up the base of the shower.*

Nobody was good at keeping secrets from Neopolitan. Láng however had one trick that seemed to work for her: because of how much care she put into her hair, whenever Láng put the shower on;

Neo would leave her to her privacy. Because of how bad she, usually, is at hiding things from her, Neo never suspected her sister to take off her clothes, turn on the shower and then go talk on her scroll. Because the reason why it shouldn't work was the very reason it did, Neo would feel conflicted about this... If she hadn't known and simply let Láng have her space, while also allowing the blonde to think she had gotten one over her.

"Hey Cinder, just thought I'd let you know; I took care of *that thing* for Roman." Láng said to the ember eyed woman via her scroll.

"Nicely done little wolf." Cinder said in her typical calm, cool demeanor.

" *Aww Cinder*, if you keep talking to me like that I might just *Fall* to pieces." Láng happily retorted, unknowingly earning a slight smirk from the charcoal haired woman -along with an annoyed scowl from an eavesdropping Emerald.

"I'll have your lien wired to you in one hour. But I also need you for something tomorrow." Cinder said, maintaining that cool fem fatale vibe that Láng admired.

Láng would never call herself a genius, but she knew that it didn't take one to understand what this meant. This was more than just the usual rough up jobs Cinder would give her or that she'd accompany Neo and Mercury on, this would be one of Láng's first steps towards her life's goal of becoming a Child of Salem. Like Cinder and her beloved sister.

"Don't worry, I've already mentioned this to Neo and I'll tell you both more when I see you." Cinder said, using her calm voice to keep Láng from potentially stressing out.

"Hey Cinder. When you and Neo were chosen, you were given a symbol. Why wasn't Neo?" Láng, somewhat uneasily asked. This was always something Neo refused to discuss with her.

"While it's true that I was given a mark when I was chosen to be her shield, Neo was gifted with the most demanding role by her. In a way, you could say that her silence is part of her symbol. Though she was born that way." Cinder explained carefully, having known and planned for this moment.

"But what is her role?" Láng asked.

"That *little wolf*, is for Neo to tell you when she thinks your ready." Cinder told her, respecting Neo's request to never tell Láng about being Salem's shadow.

"I can tell you this though. I'm glad that as a fellow Child, I won't have to fight her. *Only a handful of people are on her level.*" Cinder admitted, secretly recalling Neo's first assassination.

This left Láng quiet, she knew that her sister was crazy good at fighting. But for Cinder, who she knew out classed herself, to say that astonished Láng. So much so that she mentally told herself that she should take her training more seriously, *especially for when she uses it in a real fight.*

"I'm sorry Láng but we'll have to talk more tomorrow." Cinder said, her tone still unwavering, before hanging up.

After the last couple of years, Láng had gotten used to Cinder's abrupt call endings. At first it made her feel a little sad, but now she can hardly blame the Shield of Salem for cutting out whenever. As she got older, Láng learned just how valuable Cinder's tim was. *Evidently the little wolf felt grateful that she answered her calls, sometimes no matter how out of the blue, at all.*

With her call over Láng tried to hurry into the shower before Neo could suspect a thing, not knowing that task was impossible. *Or that whenever Neo walked by or made any noises that she was doing it to mess with her.* Even if they're not related by blood, the way those two troll themselves and others would make you guess otherwise. And Neo would do everything within her power as a Child to keep

Láng, except perhaps if it went against her duties as Salem's shadow. But that is the one thing that can truly scare Neo, the very thought of having to harm or even kill Láng.

Carefully, as well as stealthily, Láng made her way into the shower. From the very second she felt the steaming hot water hit her body, Láng felt as if all of her small aches and sore spots she had acquired were slowly being melted away. *Though she was still somewhat mentally troubled by what might be in store for her tomorrow; Láng knew that, for the moment at least, it wasn't her problem.*

After twenty minutes of shower time, thirty if you counted the time spent talking to Cinder and sneaking in, Láng emerged from the bathroom with her favorite yellow bath towel wrapped around her body. The corner tucked in around her right side and steam further encasing her form while she felt the drastic difference in temperature.

"Alright Neo, shower's yours." Láng hollered as she made her way to her room, hoping that she didn't use up all the hot water. Also to try and, hopefully, get a decent nights rest.

Láng walked through the barren hallway, the walls and ceiling were both a plain white while the carpet was a dark maroon. The only distractions for her now were when she saw the extra -or rather guest- rooms reserved for the other people in her and Neo's life: Roman Torchwick, the soon to be arriving Cinder Fall, as well as Cinder's two underlinings Emerald and Mercury. Though the rooms are reserved for them, those rooms would see very little use as these are for when they need to lay low in Vale as opposed to their actual living arrangements for the kingdom. Láng couldn't help but wonder if Mercury, one of the few people she calls her friend, and Emerald *-their relationship is complicated, yet not complicated, which is what makes it complicated-* accompanying Cinder and how long she'd be in Vale. That question was cut short however as she reached the dark brown wooden door to her room. She opened it to find her room exactly how she left it. Her maple wood dresser was against the wall on the right, her nightstand with her scroll charger on

top was in the right corner over by her bed, her walls had a few posters of bands and etc she liked as well as schematics on them, and the desk that her computer was stationed on was right by the door and light switch. Seeing that everything was in place, she hadn't forgotten to clean up or put anything away, Láng made her way to her dresser and got dressed for bed. With her black sleeveless shirt and gray yoga pants adorned, Láng slipped under the tan blanket of her queen sized bed and closed her eyes. Calmly allowing the sandman and her body to do the rest for her.

The sound of thunder filled the night time sky, followed soon after by a spark of lightning illuminating a dark night sky. Revealing an equally dark forest that would be next to impossible to navigate, had it not been for the lightning. As time moved forward, a little wagon made out of wood appears at the center of a lone beam of moonlight. A small child with blonde hair that just reached her shoulders in pigtails slowly walks towards the mysterious wagon. The child was covered in small cuts and appeared to be exhausted. But still she made her way towards the wagon, nearly limping her way there. As she reduced the distance between her and the wagon, an almost gurgle like noise could be heard. Followed by the sound of a bird flapping it's wings and cawing that quickly faded into the distance. Once the child was close enough, she peered into the wagon and saw a single rose surrounded by many eerily glowing red eyes that were devoid of retinas or pupils appearing from out of nowhere. As the blonde girl turned around, clearly frightened, she found herself suddenly in an old dirty and decaying hut. There were ferocious looking beowolves surrounding her, *the child's life practically served to them on a silver platter*. When they all leaped and pounced on her, flames suddenly erupted all around the pigtailed girl. The entire hut, already in a state beyond any repairs, was quickly filled with fire and pieces of the collapsing roof. The last thing that could be heard was the loud sound of a baby's crying coming from outside.

Láng quickly shot up from her bed, before anything else could happen. Her heart made her feel like there was an earthquake going

on in her chest. She did what she could to take slow, even breaths. A little after her breathing and heart beat reached their regularity, Láng noticed the faint light from her nightstand. It was coming from her scroll.

"Are you alright?" Her scroll read, a message from Neo.

Láng knowingly turned her head, as well as shifted her body, to the left where she saw a standing Neo looking down at her. The mute's concern apparent only to her sister. Láng thought for a moment, knowing that Neo wouldn't leave without an honest answer. Which is why Láng needed time to actually think of what the true answer was, *not that she'd lie to Neo anyhow.*

"Yeah sis, just a little spooked." Láng said, still doing her slow breathing to calm the last of her nerves and stop any remaining shakes.

"Did you remember something, or was it that nightmare again? The one in those woods." Neo asked.

"The woods..." Láng nervously answered as she looked Neo again in her multicolored eyes.

Neo looked at her sister with concern in her mismatched eyes and just barely noticed the corners of her mouth were dipping a little bit south, those woods are a bit of a sensitive topic for both of them. Especially for Láng.

"But I feel like it was more than just a bad dream this time." Láng truthfully said as her face grimaced.

Neo gently pushed Láng back down until her sister's blonde head was resting on her pillow again and placed her lilac eyed girl's scroll back on it's charging dock atop the nightstand.

"If you want to, we can talk about it more in the morning. Is that what you want?" Neo presented to Láng on her own scroll.

"No, I think I'll be alright. And I know it's kind of odd to ask but, *can you please stay here?* At least until I fall back asleep?" Láng, seeking some comfort, asked the petite woman.

Neo said (*or rather typed*) nothing. Instead the smaller woman caringly moved her not gloved hands across her sister's golden strands, especially careful with moving the bangs from the two lilac orbs that belonged to Láng. *And that was all the younger blonde sister needed.*

"Thanks Neo." Láng quietly said as she felt herself slowly start to drift back to sleep.

"I love you." the blonde managed to say in a hushed voice as she returned to her state of slumber.

After waiting a few minutes to make sure her sister wouldn't need her again, though Salem knew she'd come teleporting back in if Láng did, Neo made her way out. Intending to get some sleep herself, as well as hope that she would one day help Láng find out who she was as well as her past. She also continued to wonder why Salem sent her to save Láng from the beowolves in those woods that day, not that she was complaining. But wanted to know what role Salem has for her adoptive sister in her divine plan. This was because, for whatever reason, Láng was the only person that Neo knew she personally cared about. *Perhaps the divine one knew this would be the case and that was the reason she was sent to that small island known as "Patch."*

Neo remembered that day, the one where she found Láng, well. Very well. She had just returned to Salem's chapel after a successful assassination, one whose details she would never disclose unless she was told to by the goddess herself, and was waiting outside the doors to the council room for the meeting to end. She had no interest in these meetings, more accurately the company that would attend them. The only exception being Salem, though this was before Cinder later joined the gaggle of tools.

The doors slowly slid open, signaling that the contest where everyone tries to either please or kiss up to the goddess had ended. This was further confirmed by the bug eyed Tyrian snickering uncontrollably as he took several small hops out of the room. If it wasn't for his devotion, Neo's sure Salem would have squashed that faunus like the insect he truly is. The second to leave was the one who had a history with their leaders greatest enemy, headmaster Ozzpin of Beacon Academy, who was admittedly a little imposing thanks to his size. Last to leave was, unsurprisingly, the mustached one who seemed to think he was the second in command. Once he caught sight of her, Watts approached her.

"Judging by the fact that you're here and uninjured, I assume that your mission was a success." He said to her, as if she had to answer to him.

Neo nodded, though it wasn't because of his false authority. But rather to get him to leave so she could receive her next assignment.

"Well then return to your barrack and I will present you with your next task after I report your return to Lady Salem." The doctor said, more accurately ordered.

This time however Neo shook her head no. Despite not being capable of defeating him -at this point in time- Neo answered only to Salem.

"Lady Salem has no need of you at this time. Though you are a Child and her shadow, your first priority is to follow orders." Watts said, clearly trying to instigate her into attacking.

Neo knew better however and instead gave him one of her smirks. Welcoming the chance of giving him at least one good hit as an act of self defense.

"As her shield, and a fellow Child, I assure you that rule only applies to Salem." Neo heard Cinder, who was recently given her title of the holy one's shield, say as she forcefully joined the conversation. Even

though she was a teenager, she managed to give off an aura of authority.

"And besides Arthur you should know that one must report to her themselves." Cinder said, her words carrying a lot of bite.

"Of course." Watts bitterly said before, finally, leaving Neo to her business.

Because they were both chosen to be Children of Salem, Neo and Cinder both had respect for one another. Showing this, Neo simply gave the older charcoal haired girl a nod before finally entering the room.

Once inside Neo easily spotted Salem on the other side of the council table, gazing out the stained glass windows.

"I'm glad you've arrived my Child." Salem said, likely having sensed Neo's presence.

"I have a new task for you. One that I can only trust to you." The dark cloaked woman, very clearly, said as she turned to face Neo.

The small framed girl felt her entire body tense up in her masters gaze. But still the ice cream themed girl managed to nod her head, showing that she's ready for her whatever the goddess is asking her to do.

"There is an island off of the coast of Vale with a small town known as Patch. There is a girl there, one distinguishable by her bright golden blonde hair and lilac eyes, who has shown some promise in joining our ranks." Salem explained, her face radiating an almost discouraged aura to Neo.

Neo nodded again, to show that she understood.

"Our sources say that she will be in a forest two miles south of Patch. However she won't reach there until nightfall and when she

does the area will be a hunting ground for beowolves. You are to rescue her, keep her safe, and continue to watch over her in Vale until I say otherwise. But most importantly, you must gain her trust as well as her favor for us. Only after doing so will she choose to join us and lend her power to us." The truthfully wicked one stated, her words carrying more weight as well as precision than usual.

Neo nodded one last time before using her semblance to teleport, accompanied by the sound and visual effect of glass shattering, to waste as little time as possible. She "glassed" as Láng would eventually nickname it, to the hanger where several ships were located. Neo chose the least conspicuous ship that they had and activated it as soon as she got inside the cockpit. Once inside she input the coordinates for one of their hideouts in Vale, one that's about a boat ride from Patch, and checked under the pilots seat for a customary manilla folder. After making sure that it held its expected content; a modified scroll that would be impossible to track and a card with a large, bountiful, amount of lien stored on it. After turning on the scroll, to ensure that it was working properly, Neo set an alarm on her scroll to wake her approximately thirty minutes before she would arrive at the hideout and specified the precise way for it to fly undetected into the ships guidance system and closed her eyes to fall asleep as she heard the ships engines start to hum. The flight to Vale went off without a hitch, as a result Neo was able to sleep for nearly six and a half hours before being awoken by the alarm she set. After stretching as much as the ships cockpit would allow her to, which was far more than it would most thanks to her age and small stature, Neo used her remaining time to take in the sight of Vale. This was Neo's favorite perk that came with her line of work, well besides the combat, the part where she gets to travel and see what Remnant had to offer for her. Neo knew she couldn't stay at the warehouse, she needed to get to that forest two miles south of Patch before nightfall or else she might risk failing her mission. Using her semblance to reach there would take a lot out of her, but it also reduced her chances of being spotted astronomically -which was also important. With no time to waste, Neo teleported as close to Patch as possible. Because she was had no true place in mind when

teleporting, Neo was trying to get the largest distance that her semblance was capable of. Which at the time was around eight or nine miles, but left her feeling physically drained and in a state of almost total exhaustion.

Fortunately for Neo her first stop was what looked to be a momentarily uninhabited hiking trail, judging by the pathway, signs, and other markers. At the rate that her body was able to go after teleporting herself, Neo would be able to reach her destination roughly five minutes before nightfall approached. Which while not normally too much of a hassle for her in the past, meant Neo had to either hope that her body recovered faster or that the blonde she was here for could endure the beowolves until she got there. Evidently this was a test for both of them and, at the time, it frustrated Neo in knowing that she could fail her mission just because the girl Salem's taken an interest in proved to be a weakling. Regardless of the circumstances Neo had work to do and as soon as she spotted a sign that read "Patch" with an arrow pointing towards a specific trail leading east, she began walking southeast. Which was towards the slowly descending sun and what looked to be storm clouds. *This just kept getting better for Neo...*

Thanks to the pace she set for herself, Neo managed to regain some of her strength. However the storm clouds she saw had already started to downpour. This made it next to impossible for Neo to determine the sun's position, which meant she didn't have any real way of knowing how pressed for time she was. As a result, Neo quickened her pace. Especially once she was sure that she could hear some footsteps, even if they were faint, over the splatter of raindrops.

With the sun down and the storm clouds lining the sky, the area was easily mistakable for nearing midnight. To say that it was dark was an understatement, though the occasional bolt of lightning did a very nice job to illuminate the area. Exposing a clearing in the tree line with what looked to be a rotting, rundown, wooden shack just ahead. Along with the unmistakable red glow that could only belong to the

creatures of grimm's eyes... Neo nearly abandoned any kind of pace as she bolted towards what was likely a pack of beowolves. The first thing that Neo noticed was that the grimm were focusing on the shack, likely meaning that her target was inside. Seeing this, Neo drew her misericord and drove it through the nearest beowolves head. The sound of the grimm dying caught the rest of the packs attention and made most of them quickly turn to her. It was at this moment that Neo's eye caught a glimpse of the golden blonde head she was here for, though the girl looked to be in bad -but not critical-shape.

Neo recalled that, at the time, she thought that this girl wasn't worth her time or Salem's. The girl looked to have been overwhelmed by these grimm; which wouldn't normally be odd, especially given her age, but this kid was selected to potentially become the next Child of Salem. If the goddess thought that this girl was worthy, then she shouldn't need someone to rescue her. Neo had no idea what made this girl important, but didn't care. As long as she does what she's told, she'll slay some grimm and protect this pipsqueak. After all, Neo was more than capable of killing the rest of these beowolves -even in her semi exhausted state. That's when the three ursa majors showed up, they were likely trailing her. The dreaded bear like grimm stood on their hind legs and clawed, bit, as well as tried to tackle her. In her fatigued state Neo couldn't combat the three ursa majors and the four remaining beowolves while guaranteeing the blondes safety. Especially after one of those ursas had shaved off a good chunk of her aura. And, as if things couldn't have gotten worse for Neo, the sound of crying (or more accurately wailing) was now overshadowing the sound of the grimm and the rain. What happened next surprised Neo greatly; the blonde girl's body moved in an almost animatronic way towards her and the grimm while flames danced around her. The flames cascading off her body, in particular the hair that was covering her eyes, then caused the entire inside to quickly start to burn. The already unstable looking hut that they stood in quickly began to fall to pieces on top of them and the grimm. As several pieces of burning debris fell from the roof above them, a beowolf bit the blonde pyro's right arm. This caused the little girl to scream and,

from out the corner of her eye, Neo saw the beowolves head shatter when the blonde smacked its head while she dodged more of the ursas. While the sight of what looked to be a five year old caving in a grimm's head like it was nothing was impressive, Neo had had enough of this and waited for a moment to get out of here (with the blonde fireball) before the burning hut caves in much like that grimm's head. If Neo could've talked, she would've tried to coordinate the inexperienced girl so that they could potentially kill the grimm before that could happen. But instead, Neo got to stab her misericord through an ursa's mouth on reaction after hearing a thud and the sound of the blonde letting out a painful yelp. Neo saw that part of the roof had struck her target in the head on its way down and possibly left her unconscious. The only way to describe how Neo felt now was pissed. She sheathed her misericord back into its canopy, opened up the parasol to block any more debris and grabbed the target, paying no mind to who or whatever was making that whining noise outside, and glassed as far away as she possible could. It wasn't like those grimm and whatever was making that noise was a part of her mission anyhow.

She knew that this would happen, but at the time she could not care less. Neo's entire body felt stiff and refused to move, she was barely able to stay conscious. Thankfully for her, she found herself at the hiking path she came across by chance. And those grimm would likely be too focused on tearing whatever was making that noise apart. Neo thought of this situation as the goddess smiling upon her. But a thought bothered the ice cream themed girl: with the sun down and the constant downpour, how was she not feeling freezing or even the slightest bit cold? That's when she rationalized that the smaller blonde girl resting on her lap was the source of her warmth, especially since she knew that this blonde was what caused the hut to burn. This power, along with the strength to crush a beowolves head like an egg, intrigued Neo -and not just because she was getting a pleasant sense of warmth. But to be certain that the first part of her mission was over and done with, aside from having to forcer Salem's will upon her (potentially), Neo forced her body to move. Even though it felt like she was massaging a cactus, Neo

moved her hand across the unconscious girl's head and let Neo have a good look at her face. But more importantly, her eyes. The sight of red orbs as opposed to lilac ones made Neo so mad that she'd have run her umbrella through the girl's heart, but instead she could only curse herself and wait until she could move again before offing the younger girl. So Neo allowed herself to rest, expecting to have to explain herself to Salem after unaliveing the girl who wasted her time.

When Neo woke up she noticed two things: the breaking of the early dawn sky and the girl was wrapped around her. After seeing this, Neo quietly turned her head and reached for her parasol. With the familiar object in her hand, she was prepared to make good on her plan to kill this girl for ruining her mission. But when she turned her head she was surprised, but not confused, to see the blonde staring at her with the lilac eyes she was supposed to have. She looked like she was frightened.

"Are you okay?" The smaller girl asked Neo, sounding cautious.

Relieved that she hadn't failed, Neo gave a relaxed smile and nodded her head. This was enough for the blonde to lower her guard, but Neo wasn't surprised by her new acquaintances next question.

"Who are you?" The pigtailed girl asked, though curious as opposed to nervous.

Hoping that Salem was still blessing her with good fortune, Neo took her scroll from her pocket and began typing a response.

"I am Neopolitan." Her scroll read.

"Neop... Neoo... Neo?" The blonde read aloud.

Neo, knowing that this was the typical response, nodded.

"Who am I?" She asked Neo with a straight face.

This caused Neo to be left breathless, the last thing she needed was for this girl to be an amnesiac case. Especially when she's not to be taken to Salem until the goddess says that she's ready. So, not wanting to make up a story, Neo quickly started typing a small worded summary to explain the situation.

"I do not know. I was sent to save you. You seem to have lost your memory. You have great power in you. And I am here to help you learn how to use it. But you will need to stay with me." Neo's carefully written message read.

"Will you help me find my memreez if I go wid you?" The girl, once again nervous, asked.

Neo nodded again, thanking Salem that this girl could read and was cooperating.

"And you promise you'll protek me?" The girl asked like before.

"Promise sister." Neo wrote, though the last word was more meant to kill any remaining tension. Not symbolize a nonexistent bond.

"Sister..." the girl said as she gripped Neo's hand.

Neo paid that display no mind and decided that she'll need a name, simply calling her "kid," "blondie," or anything like that won't do. She thought of what she did know about this girl, which wasn't much. At all. But managed to think up a name that would be appropriate for her.

"For now your name is 'Láng Wō Qiú.' Nice to meet you." Neo wrote.

"Nice to meet you too Neo." Láng joyfully said, demonstrating some of the solace Neo gave her.

And with that, Neo glassed them both back to the safe house in Vale. Where she spent more time recuperating as she got to know her new "sister" and later reported in to Salem via her scroll.

Looking back, Neo found it funny how at first she didn't care much for Láng. But somewhere down the line, she grew attached to the blonde. Now, over a decade later, that same blonde is the most important person to her aside from Salem. And tomorrow she, along with Láng, will be receiving orders from the goddess via Cinder. But that was enough thinking for one night, now was the time to rest. With one final thought in mind, Neo made her way to bed.

"I am Neopolitan, Child of Salem, chosen to be her shield, and Láng Wō Qiú is my sister. I will do everything I can to ensure their safety, even if I myself must be shattered to do so."

Author's Notes

Surprisingly, or maybe unsurprisingly, I started writing for this chapter almost immediately after posting the first one. I don't know how often this will happen, if ever again.

Things for you to know:

In case it wasn't clear, Neo walked jogged towards the shack after she teleported. But it was mostly uneventful, hence why the sun set so quickly.

Neo could not have flown the aircraft herself, she needed to use the autopilot and guidance system. But now she (and Láng to some extent) could no problem.

Neo was less experienced and in control of herself at the time of the flashback, hence the less cool demeanor and multiple mistakes she made like leading the ursa to Láng.

If Neo wasn't tired from the two large teleportation gaps, she could have taken the ursas and finished the beowolves.

Neo (myself) and Cinder don't like Watts.

Neo doesn't have an opinion on Hazel, hence why she didn't know his name.

Tyrian just annoys Neo.

I placed Cinder at teenager because she still needs to be in her twenties to be able to pass as a student, if I don't change that, while also older than Neo and able to be write her close to how she is/was in volumes one through three.

I'd place Neo's age about three to seven years older than Láng, who was five in the flashback.

Neo came up with Láng's name thanks to the beowolf that bit her.

Nowadays, Neo could teleport to around fifteen miles away and not feel tired afterwards. Fifteen would be her max however.

Qrow saved Ruby just like in the show, it is due to Neo's insertion that he didn't save Yang too. In other words, Ruby is not dead or anything like that.

At first Neo's fondness of Láng was faked to win her over, but that quickly changed to real affection.

Salem is fully aware that Láng and Neo love each other like family, which was part of her plan.

Láng and Salem have never met, but Neo has told them about one another.

Láng has a sense of morality, but doesn't show it very often. This, for better or worse, is due to Neo's teachings.

Láng was not taught to despise hunters, she was misinformed that the academies are a part of some government corruptions. So she wouldn't instantly try killing any on sight, other than Ozpin...

The night that Cinder arrives in Vale is the same night that she meets Ruby, but I don't have any real interest in rewriting an episode again like I did for the yellow trailer. So the chapter is meant to revolve around Cinder discussing what she needs Láng to do, instead of Ruby foiling Roman's robbery.

After the next chapter, I'll likely write shorter ones that are connected like the first volume was. Especially with how drained I feel after writing these, regardless of how much.

Lastly, for those of you shippers out there, Láng's sexual preference is up in the air right now. So go nuts with that.

Episode 3: A Lousy Day (Part I)

The morning sun has slowly started to rise above the horizon. There's a warm breeze that is gently blanketing the land. There are many calming sounds, the rustling of cicadas, tall blades of grass greeting one another, leaves gliding so softly off tree branches that they'd make feathers jealous, and the whisper of the wind as it travels. A lone figure stood here, at this cliff overlooking the ocean beyond it. One that wore a red hood, a matching black dress with a matching skirt, and a sad smile on her face.

"Hey you two." The hooded girl said.

"Dad and I got my acceptance letter in the mail yesterday. So it looks like I'll be attending Beacon Academy as soon as I graduate from Signal. Just like I always wanted..." she continued, a tear starting to form in her each of her eyes.

"I'll actually be visiting there later today for a tour of the school grounds. But don't worry, I'll still visit you while I'm at Beacon. And I'll be sure to tell you about my trip as soon as I get home." the hooded girl added.

"Dad and I miss you both." the girl said as she lowered her hood, revealing short black hair with her bangs dyed red at the end, and began walking in the opposite direction.

The ones she was talking to were the names inscribed on a stone plaque: Summer Rose and Yang Xiao Long.

In another, shadier, location in Vale there were two girls who were starting their morning off with less emotional pain and more physical. Instead of the tranquil sounds of nature, their ears are being bombarded by the sound of early morning traffic making the headaches they acquired last night hurt more.

"Ugh my head." a long black haired girl in a white dress said as she brought her cranium up from the cushioned booth, ignoring the soreness in her knees and thighs that she obtained from sleeping in a hunched over position.

"Unn..." a similar looking girl, albeit with shorter hair and in a red dress, conveyed.

"Melanie, where are we?" The red clothed girl asked her twin who was overlooking her.

"We're at the bar Miltia." Melanie, wishing that holding her head would actually ease her headache, said.

"Ugh. My stomach feels like it was pressed by a piston." Miltia ventilated to her sister, holding her aching area and thinking the same thoughts as Melanie.

"So why are we here?" the girl in red asked.

"Well let's see: that blonde from last night punched you into a pillar, kicked my head so hard I blacked out for a second, and basically blew up the whole bar when she kneed Hei out the skylight." Melanie dryly explained.

After hearing this; the previous nights brawl, along with the blonde who partook in their defeat, slowly started to work its way through Miltia's hippocampus. Including the part where she was punched so hard that she was embedded in a glass pillar. The fact that she didn't break through the pillar was a mystery; those things weren't built to withstand a couple of intoxicated teens roughhousing, let alone a punch from a girl who could probably knock a building over if she tried. But who really cares about that pillar? Damaged or shattered, it was Hei's lien that was gonna fix it. Not theirs.

"That lousy Torchwick." The aforementioned bare sized man, who sounded irritated, said aloud as he made his way through the mildly singed entrance way.

"Didn't expect him to have that girl on his payroll." Hei continued, not fully aware of who has and hasn't regained consciousness. It made no difference if they heard him anyway.

At this point, both Malachites and Hei made eye contact and Junior made his way over to them.

"Ladies." Hei said, clearly having something to tell them.

"Ordinarily I'd chew your heads off for not doing your job and handling punks like that blonde. But I can't really do that, that girl was a walking bombshell. I doubt we'd be able to take her down without help from the fuzz, and we don't need that attention." Junior told them before taking a breather, whatever he said next was either really good for them or bad.

"You have two options:

do a couple of jobs for me while this place gets renovated, or you can go on leave without pay until we open back up." Junior sternly said, holding up one finger for each of the twins choices.

"What would we have to do?" Melanie inquired, still holding her hand on her forehead.

"Gather some information for me, take care of a few drop offs maybe, collect for me, nothing that goes above your pay grade." The employer explained, taking a few steps back and forth as he thought up what their new job description would be.

"We'll take it, but you let us choose what jobs we take." the white dressed girl told her boss, removing her hand in an effort to appear less vulnerable.

"Deal." Junior said as he presented his hand to cap off their agreement, he's a bit of an old fashioned man.

But Melanie didn't grip Juniors hand. She just stared at him, looking somewhat annoyed. Hei mentally scolded himself for forgetting how difficult she can be.

"Your first job is to help me get an estimate on how much property damage blondie caused." the bear sized man said after a small growl.

"And how am I supposed to do that? I don't know how much you spent on this place or the type of coverage you have." the long haired bouncer denoted.

"Just take pictures of the place on your scroll and send them to me for later. Right now I've gotta make some calls for that job with Torchwick before tonight, otherwise we'll probably be seeing blondie again." the bearded owner enjoined to his abrasive, blade heeled, employee before walking off.

Miltia, having watched her sister and bosses exchange from the booth she was ridden to, slowly tried to bring herself up from her current position. But before she could fully stand up, the younger Malachite felt all her strength dissipate in a matter similar to how she felt after that fiery chick punched through her. This drained feeling was bad for her, but the sudden sound of glass abruptly breaking was worse on her sister. Who was trying to stay on the clock when the lone glass pillar suddenly shattered from out of the blue.

The already eardrum damaging sound, which made worse by the headache she acquired from that accursed blonde, caused Melanie to wince. Afterwards she agitatedly snapped a picture of the newly made pile of broken glass and moved on with her job, but not before gazing towards Miltia. Who she could tell was in a state of discomfort.

"What's wrong?" Melanie asked with a voice loud enough for her sister hear her, just a few decibels short of shouting.

When Miltia didn't answer her, the longer haired sister aggressively made her way back to the tongueless red one. She didn't like to be pigeonholed. Especially since this was another thing affecting their income.

"Just tired." Miltia, while her eyes deflected from the gaze of her sister's, weakly said.

"I'm going to ask you again and this time Miltiades, you'll tell me the truth." The white dressed Malachite ordered with her body language matching her sardonic tone.

Miltia tried to stand again. This time she had some success, managing to remain upward without propping herself against the booth or table, but wasn't able to fully extend them either. If this were a fight, she'd look like she was on her last stand. The shorter haired of the two made no effort to hide her weakness and regained eye contact with her sister.

"I think I exhausted myself when we fought that girl, so I'm feeling really tired. My chest hurts too, but it's nothing." The red and black twin said, her voice sounding a little bit raspy.

"I'm going to feel your forehead and if you feel off or you're not feeling any better by the time I'm finished taking pictures, you're going to see a doctor." Melanie said, more accurately told her sister.

Miltia said nothing, but gave her longer haired sibling a slightly annoyed glare. Ignoring this, the twin with the bladed heels carefully brought her hand to her potentially unwell sister. When her gloved hand was a hair away from its target, she quickly retracted it as she felt as well as heard a crack of electricity.

"Stupid static electricity." the red twin heard Melanie mutter, along with something about it being a serious pain when it comes to her hair. Which she completely agreed with.

After venting her frustration of her protons and neutrons evening, the white twin placed her hand on her sister's head again. This attempt, being successful, let her determine if Miltia was feeling warm. She was.

In a, mostly sound proof, black carpeted room located upstairs on the opposing side of the main entrance was the large bearded bare-man sitting at his dark wooden desk. Slowly rotating a stylus pen in his large left hand.

"Yeah, just a few robberies. Other then maybe a few cops, there shouldn't be any major threats." Junior told another one of his underlings over his scroll.

With one more of his goons onboard for tonight's robbery, the boss checked off said employees name.

"Hei!" The club owner heard one of his bouncers, he doesn't know which, shout from outside his office.

Wasting no time, especially since this matter concerned her sister, Melanie began knocking on the black door as she attempted to force it open. She was prepared to kick down the door when her headache made a less then cheery return. Which was, thankfully, followed by her boss hastily opening the door. He could tell something was wrong with her, which was the last thing he needed right now.

"What's wrong with you?" Junior asked, having his hands extended as a precaution for if she'd fall or faint.

"I'm fine. But Miltia needs a doctor." Melanie said as she refused her bosses help.

"You're not fine and it looks like I'll have to make another doctors call." Junior bitterly said.

"Another?" The white bouncer inquired.

"Before the two of you jumped in, blondie really messed a few of our guys up. So I had to make a call to a doc who knows how to put them back together and not ask any questions doing it. Adding you two to the list will probably set me back a bit, but I really don't have a choice." The bear in a vest elaborated.

"He's good, but won't be here for at least another three hours. Sit down and rest till then, I still have a few calls to make." Hei instructed before returning to his desk.

Knowing that she had no real choice in the matter, Melanie made her way back over to Miltia's booth. Where she sat next to her sister. Her authoritative glare still overriding anything her red clothed sister would otherwise say or ask.

They both remained silent as neither really wanted to say anything at all. And after an unknown amount of time, they both became dazed and finally fell asleep.

The difference between last night and now being that, thanks to the lack of being attacked, they were actually able to dream.

Miltia found herself dawning a light purple version of her usual dress while skydiving during a lightning storm. She could constantly feel the lightning just pass by her body, which in turn gave her a larger sense of excitement and a nice dose of adrenaline. The feeling of power brought by mother nature's steroid also continued to grow greater as she came closer to the ground. When she eventually did land on the grassy field below her, it was on her feet with a strong clap of thunder accompanying her. She landed completely unharmed and slowly began to ascend, as if she were being carried by the storm itself. But then she started going the opposite way of the storm, heading towards a bright and very beautiful sunset. This feeling of electricity tickling her didn't leave her though, it continued to grow. Making her feel like she had no limits. This was what she always wanted and, at least in this dream, she had it.

*She felt good, she felt strong, she felt free to do whatever she pleases. **She felt unstoppable.***

Melanie saw herself with her usually straight hair looking very wavy, but not unkept. Her clothes were a little tattered and she had a few scratches. But she felt an overwhelming feeling of excitement in her core. In front of her, on a single knee, was the blonde girl she fought the other night. The one who was suddenly surrounded by flames. Her clothes were in far worse shape. To the point where her crop top wasn't much different from a bathing suit, her black shorts (which had several cuts and slashes) were the only thing hiding the skin below her waist, her boots were okay aside from a few scratches, and her gauntlets were heavily dented. They looked like they might have partially crushed the forearm and wrists that they were supposed to protect as there was some visible blood lightly dripping down from her fingers. A more detailed look showed the spectating Malachite that the blonde's legs had a few gashes. Including one on her calf, which was why she couldn't stand up. The golden haired girl also had a cut on her forehead, mostly hidden by her hair, with a trail of blood that clearly went into her right eye. The Dream Melanie had a smirk on her face and, with a slight sense of authority, walked over to the blonde. The girl still had that smile, though much weaker, she had when she first entered the club. As if she were acknowledging defeat and accepting whatever happened next, as if she were a prey cornered by a predator. Dream Melanie brought up her right foot as if she were taking an exaggerated step and pinned the more injured girl to the ground using her foot and applying her weight onto the blonde's shoulder. This was a side of her that Melanie Malachite would never let anyone see or know about, especially her sister. To the point that she'd let it do as it pleases in her dreams, in order to ensure that it never leaks out to the waking world. The sights of this particular dream continued to make Melanie feel elated. And it reached its peak once she helped put the blonde to sleep.

*She felt good, she felt free, she felt strong enough to take whatever she pleases. **She felt alive.***

In a sterol white room with equally clean, as well as white, furniture was a tall man. He was wearing a thick pair of sunglasses, what appeared to be a white jumpsuit, a black pair of boots, a similar pair of gloves, and what seemed to be a white latex mask that covered his entire head. He was preparing his travel bag for his appointment, one in the shady part of Vale.

"CAROL?" The man said as he adjusted his mask

"Yes. Doctor?" A voice replied over a speaker.

"How is my latest work going?" He asked.

"Data is currently inconclusive. Shall I update you in your absence?" Carol said.

"Only if I'm not back before tomorrow." The masked man answered.

"Do replay the call for me, you know how I hate being unprepared." He added.

"Replaying transmission from: Unknown Number..." Carol said.

"This is Xiong. My boys got messed up and I don't want questions. I'm willing to go your rate, if you take care of them today.

I'll message you the place and more details." A recording of Hei Xiong, otherwise known as Junior, said.

"Replaying message two." Carol said.

"This is Xiong again, I'm gonna have to add two more. If you fix them, I might have some info that'll make it worth your wild." The bear man said.

"Hei must be in trouble if he's willing to simply give me information." The doctor said amused.

"Your arrangements have been finalized and you should expect your ride to be fueled within the next fifteen minutes." Carol said.

"Excellent." The doctor said.

In truth, he didn't need the money or the information. The reason he became the criminal underworld's unofficial doctor was for his research and due to their preference to results over ethical practices. At times he was essentially experimenting on humans and fanuses, with the added benefit of nobody caring if it proved to be fatal.

"Well, it is time for this doctor to answer a house call." The doctor with lousy fashion sense eagerly said as he sternly bent the four fingers on his left hand into it's palm with his thumb, creating a satisfying pop sound to escape his knuckles.

"Very good attempt doctor." Carol said.

Knowing that Carol was being supportive, the poorly dressed man felt his eagerness dull ever so slightly. But that hardly mattered. He had yet to leave for Vale and it would take an hour for him to get there anyway.

Author's Notes

I can't for the life of me think of a transition into what will now be the second half of this "episode," so I'm just going to post this and try getting started on the next part soon. Sorry that there's not larger author's notes this time around, though I'm happy that you don't seem to mind them. The notes would give away too many of my surprises this time around, they're also like 2 or 3k words long. Meaning the notes I wrote for this "episode" is longer than the episode itself would be.